Good Deeds ill Requited:

OR,

# AN ANSWER

TO

INNOCENCE UNVEIL'D.

BEING

# A POEM

In Vindication of Dr. *Oates* and Mr. *Bedloe*.

2. Feb. 1679/80

WIse *Solomon* has said, 'Tis sometimes fit
To answer one, that has nor *Sense*, nor *Wit*,
Lest the vain *Fop* grow wise, in's own Conceit.
A *Poem!* Bless us, *Muses!* railing Rhimes,
Where Discord only, and no Musick chimes:
Where *Malice*, and no *Wit* or *Sence* is shown,
And Puddle-dirt at worthy men is thrown.
That mortal man in paltry *Rhime* should prate,
Like a She-*Orator* of *Billingsgate*;
Who, if she ever did at *Crambo* play,
Might rail in *Rhime*, and better things would say.
Poor quibling Fool did lack some *Oaten* drink,
To help inspire his wooden Wit, I think,
Who his fine *Poem* usher'd (out upon't!)
With a most silly *Quibble* in the Front.
Those very Men his Worship termeth Fools
Handle edge, better than he rhiming, tools:
And tho these men he *Saviours* calls in scorn,
And doth with *Coxcombs*, *Fools*, and *Knaves*, adorn
His railing Verse; they shall in Story dwell
In Heav'nly Fame, like Angels that ne'er fell,
Whilst such as he lie in Oblivions Hell.
What Stuff he's made of, all the world may see;
But *Jesuit*'s Heart won't with *Fool*'s Brain agree.

We can his Spleen however well detect ;
Their Evidence he'd make of no effect.
At that alone his squinting Verses look,
A safer way indeed than *Reading* took :
But 'twill not do ; his *Rhymes* do *Reason* lack,
For all the *Law*, of which you so much crack ;
The Foil'd may rise, and lay some on their back.
Touch the gall'd back of any furious Beast,
He'll bite and kick, or wince and fling at least ;
And he that meddles, when the Beast does feel,
Had need be guarded well, 'gainst iron heel.
I am no *Surgeon*, and shan't rake in Sore ;
The World have Eyes, and I shall say no more.
If some say Black is White, I am content,
Or call a *running Sore* an *Ornament*.
The *Romans* did not cackling *Geese* despise,
Who kept their *Capitol* from a Surprise :
But we fling Dirt at men, like unwise Sots,
Who have the *Nation* sav'd from *Jesuits* Plots.
Since *Jesuits* can't the Nation now trepan,
They'll do it all the Mischief that they can,
And with foul *Mouths*, worse *Pens*, and lying *Notes*,
Rail with full Cry, at *Bedloe*, and at *Oates*.
Who will hereafter *Traytors* Plots make known,
If no Encouragement to these are shown ?
When scurrilous *Pamphleteers* shall dayly try
To make their Evidence to seem a Lye ;
To make them *Juglers*, wicked, perjur'd *Knaves*,
*Inventors* of strange Plots, the worst of *Slaves* ;
Men who of right by us should honour'd be,
Their Names made great to all Posteritie ;
And for Encouragement, and greater Grace,
Their *Statues* set up in some publick place.
Whate'er that scribling *Poetaster* writes,
Those very *Commons* which his Worship slights,
May in good time make *Truth* and *Justice* known ;
And who the *Knaves* are then, will best be shown.
Then *Oates* and *Bedloe*'s Story will be told,
And 'twill appear they have not been too bold,
But that both *Truth* and *Justice* once was sold.

*FINIS.*